

## THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

A Romance of the Bear Tooth Range  
By HAMLIN GARLAND

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### SYNOPSIS

Wayland Norcross, an eastern youth seeking health in Colorado, meets Berenice McFarlane, called Berrie, typical ranch girl, daughter of the supervising ranger of Bear Tooth forest.

Berrie is greeted by her lover, Cliff Belden, a cowboy, supposed to be interested in a saloon at Meeker's Mill, where Norcross is bound. Berrie guides Norcross to his destination.

A shower intercepts them and the girl gives the youth her raincoat. There is a rough element at Meeker's, and Norcross chooses Landon, the ranger, as his companion. Landon loves Berrie.

Cliff notices Berrie's interest in the tenderfoot and warns him away. He also takes his tent and goes to the point of collapse. Night in the open country.

Nash, the ranger at Bear Tooth, gives Wayland points on forestry. Berrie's father offers him a place in the service. Berrie decides to go with them over the trail.

They climb the high, rough trail and only make camp when Wayland is on the point of collapse. Night in the open country.

Wayland blunders repeatedly. The supervisor goes after the horses which have wandered off. He is detained. Norcross arranges to sleep outside and Berrie inside a tent.

(Continued from Last Week)

Within a quarter of a mile they found their birds, and she killed four with five shots. "This is all we need," she said, "and I don't believe in killing for the sake of killing. Rangers should set good examples in way of game preservation. They are deputy game wardens in most states, and good ones too."

The night rose formidably from the valley while they ate their supper. But Berrie remained tranquil. "Those horses probably went clean back to the ranch. If they did, daddy can't possibly get back before 8 o'clock, and he may not get back till tomorrow."

Norcross, with his city training, was acutely conscious of the delicacy of the situation. In his sister's circle a girl left alone in this way with a man would have been very seriously embarrassed, but it was evident that Berrie took it all joyously, innocently. Their being together was something which had happened in the natural course of events, a condition for which they were in no way responsible. Therefore she permitted herself to be frankly happy in the charm of their enforced intimacy.

She had never known a youth of his quality. He was so considerate, so refined, so quick of understanding and so swift to serve. He filled her mind to the exclusion of unimportant matters like the snow, which was beginning again. Indeed, her only anxiety concerned his health, and as he toiled amid the falling flakes, intent upon heaping up wood enough to last out the night, she became solicitous.

"You will be soaked," she warned, crying. "Don't stay out any more. Come to the fire. I'll bring in the wood."

Something primeval, some strength he did not know he possessed sustained him, and he toiled on. "Suppose this snow keeps falling?" he retorted. "The supervisor will not be able to get back tonight—perhaps not for a couple of nights. We will need a lot of fuel."

He did not voice the fear of the storm which filled his thought, but the girl understood it. "It won't be very cold," she calmly replied. "It never is during these early blizzards, and besides, all we need to do is to drop down the trail ten miles, and we'll be entirely out of it."

"I'll feel safer with plenty of wood," he argued, but soon found it necessary to rest from his labors. Coming in to camp, he seated himself beside her on a roll of blankets, and so together they tended the fire and watched the darkness roll over the lake till the shining crystals seemed to drop from a measureless black arch, soundless and oppressive.

"What time is it now?" she asked abruptly.

He looked at his watch. "Half after 8."

"If father isn't on this side of the divide now he won't try to cross. If he's coming down the slope he'll be here in an hour, although that trail is a tolerably tough proposition this minute. A patch of dead timber on a dark night is sure a nuisance even to a good man. He may not make it."

"Couldn't I rig up a torch and go to meet him?"

She put her hand on his arm. "You stay right here," she commanded. "You couldn't follow that trail five minutes."

"You have a very poor opinion of my skill."

"No, I haven't; but I know how hard it is to keep direction on a night like this, and I don't want you wandering around in the timber. Father can take care of himself. He's probably sitting under a big tree smoking his pipe before his fire—or else he's at home. He knows where all right, and we are. We have wood and grub and plenty of blankets and a roof over us. You can make your bed under this fir," she said, looking up at the canopy. "It beats the old hammock as a roof. You mustn't sleep cold again."

"I think I'd better sit up and keep the fire going," he replied heroically. "There's a big log out there that I'm

going to bring in to roll up on the windward side."

"It'll be cold and wet early in the morning, and I don't like to hunt kindling in the snow," she said. "I always get everything ready the night before. I wish you had a better bed. It seems selfish of me to have the tent while you are cold."

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### The Walk in the Rain.

ONE by one, under her supervision, he made preparations for morning. He cut some shavings from a dead, dry branch of fir and put them under the fly and brought a bucket of water from the creek, and then together they dragged up the dead tree.

Had the young man been other than he was, the girl's purity, candor and self reliance would have conquered him, and when she withdrew to the little tent and let fall the frail barrier between them she was as safe from intrusion as if she had taken refuge behind gates of triple brass. Nothing in all his life had moved him so deeply as her solitude, her sweet trust in his honor, and he sat long in profound meditation. Any man would be rich in the ownership of her love he admitted. That he possessed her pity and her friendship he knew, and he began to wonder if he had made a deeper appeal to her than this.

"Can it be that I am really a man to her," he thought, "I who am only a poor weakling whom the rain and snow can appall?"

Then he thought of the effect of this night upon her life. What would Cliff Belden do now? To what depths would his rage descend if he should come to know of it?

Berrie was serene. Twice she spoke from her couch to say: "You'd better go to bed. Daddy can't get here till tomorrow now."

"I'll stay up awhile yet. My boots aren't entirely dried out."

After a silence she said: "You must not get chilled. Bring your bed into the tent. There is room for you."

"Oh, no, that isn't necessary. I'm standing it very well."

"You'll be sick," she urged, in a voice of alarm. "Please drag your bed in beside the door. What would I do if you should have pneumonia tomorrow? You must not take any risk of a fever."

The thought of a sheltered spot, of something to break the remorseless wind, overcame his scruples, and he drew his bed inside the tent and rearranged it there.

"You're half frozen," she said. "Your teeth are chattering."

"I'll be all right in a few moments," he said. "Please go to sleep. I shall be snug as a bug in a moment."

She watched his shadowy motions from her bed, and when at last he had nestled into his blankets she said, "If you don't lose your chill I'll heat a rock and put it at your feet."

He was ready to cry out in shame of his weakness, but he lay silent till he could command his voice, then he said: "That would drive me from the country in disgrace. Think of what the fellows down below will say when they know of my cold feet!"

"They won't hear of it, and besides, it is better to carry a hot water bag than to be laid up with a fever."

Her anxiety lessened as his voice resumed its pleasant tenor flow. "Dear girl," he said, "no one could be any sweeter—more like a guardian angel to me. Don't place me under any greater obligation. Go to sleep. I am better—much better now."

She did not speak for a few moments, then in a voice that conveyed to him a knowledge that his words of endearment had deeply moved her she softly said, "Good night."

He heard her sigh drowsily thereafter once or twice, and then she slept, and her slumber redoubled in him his sense of guardianship, of responsibility. Lying there in the shelter of her tent, the whole situation seemed simple, innocent and poetic. But looked at from the standpoint of Clifford Belden it held an accusation.

"It cannot be helped," he said. "The only thing we can do is to conceal the fact that we spent the night beneath this tent alone."

In the belief that the way would clear with the dawn, he too, fell asleep, while the fire sputtered and smoldered in the fire mountain wind.

The second dawn came slowly, as though crippled by the storm and wallowed back by the clouds.

With a dull ache in his bones, Wayland crept out to the fire and set to work fanning the coals with his hat, as he had seen the supervisor do. He worked desperately till one of the embers began to angrily sparkle and to smoke. Then, slipping away out of earshot, he broke an armful of dry fir branches to heap above the wet, charred logs. Soon these twigs broke into flame, and Berrie, awakened by the crackle of the pine branches, called out, "Is it daylight?"

"Yes, but it's very dark daylight. Don't leave your warm bed for the dampness and cold out here. Stay where you are. I'll get breakfast."

"How are you this morning? Did you sleep?"

"Fine!"

"I'm afraid you had a bad night," she insisted, in a tone which indicated her knowledge of his suffering.

"Cough life has its disadvantages," he admitted, as he put the coffee pot on the fire. "But I'm feeling better now. I never tried a bird in my life, but I'm going to try it this morning. I have some water heating for your bath."

He put the soap, towel and basin of hot water just inside the tent flap. "Here it is. I'm going to bathe in the lake. I must show my hardihood."

When he returned he found the girl full dressed, alert and glowing, and she greeted him with a touch of shyness and self consciousness new to her, and her eyes veiled themselves before his glance.

"Now, where do you suppose the supervisor is?" he asked.

"I hope he's at home," she replied quite seriously. "I'd hate to think of him camped in the high country without bedding or tent."

"Oughtn't I to take a turn up the trail and see? I feel guilty, somehow. I must do something."

"You can't help matters any by hoofing about in the mud. No, you'll just

hold the fort till he comes. That's what he'll expect us to do."

He submitted once more to the force of her argument, and they ate breakfast in such intimacy and good cheer that the night's discomforts and anxieties counted for little.

"We have to camp here again tonight," she explained demurely.

"Those things could happen than that," he gallantly answered. "I wouldn't mind a month of it, only I shouldn't want it to rain or snow all the time."

"Poor boy! You did suffer, didn't you? I was afraid you would. Did you sleep at all?" she asked tenderly.

"Oh, yes, after I came inside; but, of course, I was more or less restless—expecting your father to ride up."

"That's funny. I never felt that way. I slept like a log after I knew you were comfortable. You must have a better bed and more blankets. It's always cold up here."

The sunlight was short lived. The clouds settled over the peaks, and ragged wisps of gray vapor dropped down the timbered slopes of the prodigious amphitheater in which the lake lay. Again Berrie made everything snug while her young woodsman toiled at bringing logs for the fire.

At last fully provided for, they sat contentedly side by side under the awning and watched the falling rain as it splashed and sizzled on the sturdy fir.

"It's a little like being shipwrecked on a desert island, isn't it?" he said. "As if our boats had drifted away."

At noon she again prepared an elaborate meal. She served potatoes and grouse, hot biscuit with sugar sirup and canned peaches and coffee done to just the right color and aroma. He declared it wonderful, and they ate with repeated wishes that the supervisor might turn up in time to share their feast, but he did not. Then Berrie said firmly: "Now you must take a snooze. You look tired."

He was in truth not only drowsy, but lame and tired. Therefore he yielded to her suggestion.

She covered him with blankets and put him away like a child. "Now you have a good sleep," she said tenderly. "I'll call you when daddy comes."

When he woke the ground was again covered with snow, and the girl was feeding the fire with wood which her own hands had supplied.

Hearing him stir, she turned and fixed her eyes upon him with clear, soft gaze. "How do you feel by now?" she asked.

"Quite made over," he replied, rising eagerly.

His cheer, however, was only pretence. He was greatly worried. "Something has happened to your father," he said. "His horse has thrown him, or he has slipped and fallen. His peace and exultation were gone. How far is it down to the ranger station?"

"About twelve miles."

"Don't you think we'd better close camp and go down there? It is now 3 o'clock. We can walk it in five hours."

She shook her head. "No, I think we'd better stay right here. It's a long, hard walk, and the trail is muddy."

"But, dear girl," he began desperately, "it won't do for us to camp here alone in this way another night. What will Cliff say?"

She flinched, then, then whitened. "I don't care what Cliff thinks. I'm done with him, and no one that I really care about would blame us." She was fully aware of his anxiety now. "It isn't our fault."

"It will be my fault if I keep you here longer," he answered. "We must reach a telephone and send word out. Something may have happened to your father."

"I'm not worried a bit about him. It may be that there's been a big snowfall up above us, or else a windstorm. The trail may be blocked, but don't worry. He may have to go round by Lost Lake pass." She pondered a moment. "I reckon you're right. We'd better pack up and rack down the trail to the ranger's cabin—not on my account, but on yours. I'm afraid you've taken cold."

"I'm all right, except I'm very lame, but I am anxious to go on. By the way, is this ranger station married?"

"No; this station is one of the loveliest cabins on the forest. No woman will stay there."

This made Wayland ponder. "Nevertheless," he decided, "we'll go. After all, the man is a forest officer, and you are the supervisor's daughter."

She made no further protest, but busied herself closing the panniers and putting away the camp utensils. She seemed to recognize that his judgment was sound.

It was after 3 when they left the tent and started down the trail, carrying nothing but a few toilet articles.

He stopped at the edge of the clearing. "Should we have left a note for the supervisor?"

The trees were dripping, the willows heavy with water, and the mud ankle deep in places, but she pushed on steadily, and he, following in her tracks, could only marvel at her strength and sturdy self reliance. The swing of her shoulders, the poise of her head and the lithe movement of her waist made his own body seem a poor thing.

For two hours they zigzagged down a narrow canyon heavily timbered with fir and spruce, a dark, stern avenue, crossed by roaring streams and filled with frequent boggy meadows, whereon the water lay midleg deep.

"We'll get out of this very soon," she called cheerily.

By degrees the gorge widened, grew more open, more genial. Aspen thickets of pale gold flashed upon their eyes like sunlight, and grassy bunches afforded firmer footing, but on the slopes their feet slipped and slid painfully. Still Berrie kept her stride. "We must get to the middle fork before dark," she stopped to explain, "for I don't know the trail down there, and there's a lot of down timber just above the station. Now that we're cut loose from our camp I feel nervous. As long as I have a tent I am all right, but now we are in the open I worry. How are you standing it?" She studied him with keen and anxious glance, her hand upon his arm.

"Fine as a doddie," he replied, as-

suming a spirit he did not possess.



She Found Herself Confronted by an Endless Maze of Blackened Tree Trunks.

"but you are marvelous. I thought cowgirls couldn't walk."

"I can do anything when I have to," she replied. "We've got three hours more of it." And she warningly exclaimed, "Look back there!"

They had reached a point from which the range could be seen, and, behold, it was covered deep with a seamless robe of new snow.

"That's what I didn't get back last night. He's probably wallowing along up there this minute." And she set off again with resolute stride. Wayland's pale face and labored breath alarmed her. She was filled with love and pity, but she pressed forward desperately.

At last they came to the valley floor, over which a devastating fire had run some years before and which was still covered with fallen trees in desecrating confusion. Here the girl made her first mistake. She kept on toward the river, although Wayland called attention to a trail leading to the right up over the low grassy hills. For a mile the path was clear, but she soon found herself confronted by an endless maze of blackened tree trunks, and at last the path ended abruptly.

Disarmed and halting, she said: "We've got to go back to that trail which branched off to the right. I reckon that was the highland trail which Settle made to keep out of the swamp. I thought it was a trail from Cameron peak, but it wasn't. Back we go."

She was suffering keenly now, not on her own account, but on his, for she could see that he was very tired, and to climb up that trail again was the punishment him a second time.

When she picked up the blazed trail it was so dark that she could scarcely follow it, but she felt her way onward, turning often to be sure that he was following. Once she saw him fall and cried out, "It's a shame to make you climb this hill again. It's all my fault. I ought to have known that that lower road led down into the timber."

Standing close beside him in the darkness, knowing that he was weary, wet and ill, she permitted herself the expression of her love and pity. Putting her arm about him, she drew his head against her own, saying: "Poor boy, your hands are cold as ice."

She took them in her own warm clasp. "Oh, I wish we had never left the camp!" That does it matter what people say? Then she broke down and wept. "I shall never forgive myself if you!" Her voice faltered.

He bravely reassured her: "I'm not defeated. I'm just tired. That's all I can go on."

"But you are shivering."

"That is merely a nervous chill. I'm good for another hour. It's better to keep moving anyhow."

She thrust her hand under his coat and laid it over his heart. "You are tired out," she said, and there was anguish in her voice. "Your heart is pounding terribly. You mustn't do any more climbing. And, hark, there's a wolf!"

He listened. "I hear him, but we are both armed. There's no danger from wild animals."

"Come," she said, instantly recovering her natural resolution. "We can't stand here. The station can't be far away. We must go on."

### CHAPTER IX.

#### The Other Girl.

THE girl's voice stirred the benumbed youth into action again and he followed her mechanic ally, often stumbling against the trees, slipping and sliding, till at last his guide, pitching down a sharp slope, came directly upon a wire fence.

"Glorious!" she cried. "Here is a fence, and the cabin should be near, although I see no light. Hello! Tony!"

No voice replied, and, keeping Wayland's hand, she felt her way along the fence till it revealed a gate; then she turned toward the roaring of the stream, which grew louder as they advanced. "The cabin is near the falls, that much I know," she assured him. Then a moment later she joyfully cried out, "Here it is!"

Out of the darkness a blacker, sharper shadow rose. Again she called, but no one answered. "The ranger is away," she exclaimed, in a voice of indignant alarm.

Leading him toward the middle of the room, Berrie said: "Stand here till I fetch a blanket."

(Continued next week)

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## Legal Notices

### ESTATE OF ELIZABETH J. KNAPP

STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate Court for the County of Gratiot. At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the village of Ithaca, in said County, on the 27th day of July A. D. 1915.

Present: Hon. J. Lee Potts, Judge of Probate, in the matter of the Estate of Elizabeth J. Knapp, Deceased.

Albert L. Knapp having filed in said court his petition, praying for license to sell the interest of said estate in certain real estate therein described.

It is Ordered, That the 27th day of August A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that the next of kin and all persons interested in said estate appear before said court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three consecutive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

J. Lee Potts, Judge of Probate.  
A true copy, Belle Jenne, Clerk of Probate. 1898-4x

### MORTGAGE SALE

Whereas, default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage upon real estate, dated the 10th day of March in the year of our Lord one Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen, made and executed by S. P. Kelley and Hattie E. Kelley, husband and wife, of Cheboygan, Michigan, to Joshua L. Miller of Alma, Michigan, mortgage which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Gratiot, in Liber III of mortgages, on page 92, on the seventeenth day of March, A.D. 1913, at 3 o'clock P.M., which mortgage was given in part payment of the purchase price of said premises, and is now owned by said Joshua L. Miller, And whereas, the said mortgage has made default in the payment of the same, in the sum of \$125.00, and it being provided in said instrument that in case of default in the payment of said interest, or any part thereof, on the day whereon the same is made payable, and that if the same should remain unpaid and in arrears for the space of thirty days, then and from thenceforth, that it is to say, after the lapse of thirty days, that the principal sum secured by said mortgage, namely, \$2,400.00 with all arrears of interest thereon, should, at the option of said mortgagee, become and be due and payable immediately thereafter through the period for the payment of said principal sum, had not then expired. And whereas, the said mortgagee by reason of said default in the payment of interest, and in arrears, and do hereby elect to exercise his said option and does hereby declare the entire principal sum of \$2,400.00 and all arrears of interest thereon due and payable forthwith, by reason whereof there is now due and payable upon said mortgage the sum of \$2,400.00 and interest thereon, to wit: \$2,400.00 principal and \$11.00 interest, making a total of \$2,411.00, and the further sum of Thirty-two (\$32.00) dollars as statutory attorney fee, provided for in said mortgage, in case of foreclosure, and the further sum of \$100.00 as cost of advertising, which is the whole amount claimed to be due and unpaid on said mortgage, and in full of all claims having been instituted at law to recover the debt remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the said mortgagee has become entitled to the sale of the premises, as provided in said mortgage, has become operative.

Now therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of said power of sale, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale, as from lands occupied as one parcel, of the premises therein described, at your public auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in the village of Ithaca, in said County of Gratiot, on the twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, subject to all the conditions and covenants contained in the said mortgage, and the order of foreclosure, which are on file in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Gratiot, and are described in the said mortgage as follows, to-wit:

"The north west one quarter of section No. sixteen (16) and the south fifty (50) acres of the east one half of section one (1) and one quarter of section No. sixteen (16) in Township Eleven (11) north of range No. three (3) west, of the Meridian, except the timber standing and being on the said north west one quarter of section sixteen (16), which however, if not removed by second parties, shall become subject to the terms of this instrument."

Dated Alma, Mich., June 25, 1915.

Joshua L. Miller, Mortgagee.

William A. Bakke, Attorney for mortgagee.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, In the Circuit Court for the County of Gratiot, In Chancery:

Anna E. Ravlin.

Lee N. Ravlin.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Gratiot, in Chancery at Ithaca, Michigan, on the 26th day of August A.D. 1915.

In this cause, appearing from affidavit on file, that the Defendant, Lee N. Ravlin is not a resident of this state but that his last known place of residence was at 111 10th st. in the city of Tacoma, state of Washington; that said defendant, Lee N. Ravlin could not be found as shown by the officers return to the subpoena issued in this cause; on motion of James G. Kress, Complainant's Solicitor, it is ordered that the said Defendant Lee N. Ravlin cause his appearance to be entered herein, within five months from the date of this order, and in case of his appearance that he cause his answer to the Complainant's Bill of Complaint to be filed, and a copy thereof to be served on said Complainant's Solicitor with fifteen days after service on him of a copy of said bill, and notice of this order, and that in default thereof, said bill be taken as confessed by the said non-resident Defendant.

And it is further ordered, that within twenty days the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week, for six weeks in succession, or that complainant cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non-resident Defendant, at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for his appearance.

Kelly S. Searl, Circuit Judge.

James G. Kress, Complainant's Solicitor.

A true copy, B. L. Case, Register in Chancery. 1903-7t

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